

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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THE ARCHITECTS.

BY H. W. LONGBOW.
All are Architects of Fate,
Working on three walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low—
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but a show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these—
Leave no yawning gap between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseemly part;
For the gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the visible and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.
Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the steps
Strumble as they seem to climb.
Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And appearing all secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone we can attain
To those towers, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

NOTHING IS LOST.—The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the sea shore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes and produce the same effect on a hundred perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood; it may spread like wildfire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost—be careful how you speak—speak right—speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bones lie in the grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider as year after year passes away. Who then will not exert himself for the welfare of millions.

AN INDIAN'S EXPERIENCE.—An Indian, who found it difficult to express his Christian experience in words, cutting up a piece of fat pine, built with it a small pen, into which he put a worm, and then set it on fire. The worm feeling the heat, tried on every side in vain to escape, and then curled itself up in the centre to die. At this moment the Indian thrust in his hand and gave him liberty, saying, "That worm was myself, and it was Jesus who saved me from the devouring flames."

THE TOWER CHAPEL.—One of the most eloquent passages in Macaulay's History, is that in which he describes St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower, where so many illustrious victims of English tyranny lie buried. The paragraphs occur in the execution of the unhappy duke of Monmouth:

"The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chapel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were the remains of Jeffries. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with unperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churchyards, with every thing that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable animosity, with the incontinence, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."
"Jeffries had been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailors, without one mourner following, the bleeding lips of men who had been the captains, the orators, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senators, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley; Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset; the brother of the regent, the regent's brother; the headless trunk of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain; and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth duke of Norfolk, and Philip, seventh earl of Arundel; here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and afflicted greatness, its more delicate suffrage; Margaret, of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."

We have heard of a close-fisted fellow who gripped a half dollar so tightly that the eagle squeaked; but the newspapers now tell of a similar character. It is so hard to get a quarter from him he always rubs the pillars off in forcing over, and the recipient usually succeeds in passing it for twenty cents.

INDIAN BARBARITY.

The following, which we copy from a letter in the Virginia Free Press, written on the 10th ult. from St. Joseph's, Missouri, shows that, although the Indians on that frontier are so much with the whites and intelligent agents and pious missionaries do all they can to humanize and christianize them, yet they still seem to retain all their savage instincts:

"On the 16th of last month two gentlemen and a lady were returning from Fort Kearney, bringing with them a beautiful Pawnee girl some 16 years of age, between whom and themselves a strong attachment had grown. She was leaving her nation and 'a life in the woods,' to live with them in the States. As they passed through the nation of the Sacs and Foxes they were met by Pacal-o-pur, a warrior of those tribes, who desired to purchase the Pawnee girl, and offered his horse for her. The offer was, of course, refused. He turned and left them, as they supposed, forever; but riding at full speed to the village, he hastened to the wigwam of Pac-a-wab, the nephew of the chief Ne-saw-a-quet, where he found Pac-a-wab and a-saw-sack, a fierce and powerful warrior, quietly reposing. He aroused them instantly, and told them of the beautiful Pawnee girl, when all three sprang upon their horses and dashed off in pursuit. The travellers were soon overtaken. All-a-qua-sack rushed upon the party and tore the Pawnee girl from her horse and bore her off with the swiftness of an arrow, while her screams rent the air and penetrated with fearful distinctness far into the recesses of the forest. The whites, though armed, made no resistance. Had they shown the slightest resistance, they might have saved her. She was taken to the village. The warriors, squaws and children, gathered around to see her. There has been a deadly hostility existing between those nations and the Pawnees, and the poor girl had a presentiment of her doom. Approaching Pac-a-wab, who is a young warrior just in the morning of his manhood, and who, we should suppose, would be moved to gentler feelings by such appeals, she begged him to protect her, offering to be his slave if he would spare her life! When instead of shielding her from harm, he deliberately raised his rifle and shot her through the heart. He then scalped her and severed her head from her body. The head was stuck upon a pole, around which they all assembled. The headless and bleeding body was then thrown into their midst, where they seized it and dismembered it, and cut it into small pieces, every one, men, women and children, holding palpitating fragments, while they yelled and danced with diabolical rejoicings around the ghastly monuments of their savage cruelty."

"They then bore the reeking head to the Iowa village, where they hold a feast and dance. The Iowas were invited to their village on the 10th to have a great feast. On the morning of that day, Sacs, Foxes and Iowas, of all ages and sexes, had met upon the prairie preparatory to the approaching festivity, and all were in glee when they moved off in wild and confused procession to the scene of rejoicing. "In the mean time information had been conveyed to Col. Vaughn of what was going on, and he had dispatched a runner to Fort Leavenworth for a detachment of dragoons, who arrived on the morning of the 10th, just as the wild concourse were proceeding to the place of the feast. As the Indians ascended one hill, they came over the brow of one opposite, and all appeared instantaneously, and unexpectedly to the Indians, who, surprised and alarmed, scampered away in every possible direction. The dragoons pursued them to the village and went to the wigwam of Ne-saw-a-quet, and demanded the murderers. He said he did not know who they were. They then seized Ne-saw-a-quet, at the instance of Col. Vaughn, to hold until the murderers were given up. In a very short time they were brought in by a party of braves, and bound and taken off to the fort."

A GOOD ONE.—At a recent trial for kidnapping, in Hillsborough, Virginia, a lady witness was brought to the stand, when in the course of her examination a lady friend of her's, named Mary, was brought in. The Attorney for defendant put the question:

"What did Mary say?"
The attorney for the State immediately jumped up and said—"Stop there—I object to the question!"

Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four or five lawyers participated. After which the three judges held a long, tedious and excited discussion on the subject, and finally in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of a majority of the Court that the question must be answered. The Court Room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated—"What did Mary say?" and the witness answered:

"She didn't say a word!"
"Read no papers or books, in company."

ORIGIN OF BLUE MONDAY.

The following account of the origin of that interesting "day of the calendar," known as "Blue Monday," or "Saint Monday," as they call it in Ireland, we find in an old English publication:

A custom had prevailed for a long time in Germany for persons who were employed in the lower kinds of trade to consider Monday a day set apart for idleness, nor could any inducement prevail upon them to apply themselves to work on that day. This was not only the custom of master-tradesmen, but they also indulged their journeyman and other servants in the same privilege. On these occasions the common people had recourse to drinking and every species of debauchery. This injurious practice of keeping Blue Monday, as it was called, prevailed to such a degree, that this day was distinguished by outrages, tumults, and riots of every description. All means for restraining such licentious behavior were ineffective; menaces of punishment were disregarded, and the rioters took every opportunity of abusing those who opposed them. At length they dispersed the following declaration throughout the principal cities of the empire:

"BRETHREN:—We inform you that no man who is a brave fellow (ein braver kerl) will ever work in any city or town on the Blue Monday; if he does, he may expect the consequences, and that soon. We have been under the necessity of adopting this measure, to preserve our rights. "This atrocious conduct excited so general an alarm, that the emperor, Joseph the Second, the diet and the minor potentates of Germany, foreseeing the baneful and fatal consequences it would of necessity produce in trade, published an edict, by virtue of which, not only every abuse was remedied, but the custom of keeping Blue Monday was entirely abolished. The punishment inflicted on the delinquent was, six years in prison, and hard labor during that time on the fortifications."

In some places the journeyman at first paid no attention to this edict; the punishment, however, was immediately put in execution, and more than twenty of the ring-leaders experienced the force of it. The other trades-people, when the execution of this rigorous but necessary law was inflicted on their comrades, returned to order; and since that salutary measure took place, Blue Monday is hardly ever mentioned or thought of.

COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.

FRANCE exports wine, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

ITALY exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essences, dye-stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics and salt.

PRUSSIA exports linens, woollens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, pork, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wine and wax.

GERMANY exports wool, woollen goods, linen, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, wax, tallow and cattle.

AUSTRIA exports minerals, raw and manufactured silk, thread, glass, wax, tar, nut-gall, wine, honey, and mathematical instrument.

ENGLAND exports cottons, woollens, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

RUSSIA exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, fur, potash and tar.

SPAIN exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quinquina, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woollens.

CHINA exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, slagework, ivory wares, lacquered ware and porcelain.

TURKEY exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, camels and morocco.

HINDOOSTAN exports silks, shawls, carpets, opium, sugar, catnip, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, pearls and drugs.

MEXICO exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, saffron, vanilla, jalap, fustic, Campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye-stuffs.

BRAZIL exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany, and India rubber.

WEST INDIES exports sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye-woods, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserved wares, guano, and other articles.

SWITZERLAND exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, coal, iron, silks, velvets, lace, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

EAST INDIES exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzoin, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandal wood, zinc and nuts.

UNITED STATES exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, and wearing apparel.

Why are the Anti-Renters like refractory children? Because they won't submit to pay rents.

JOHN BUNYAN'S GOLD MINE.

In these days of rushing after gold, as a seasonable warning, we copy for perusal the following passage from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress:

At the farthest side of the plain called Ease, was a little hill called Locrine, and in that hill a silver mine which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of its rarity, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brim of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain. Some also had been maimed there and could not to their dying day be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream, that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas, to call passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellows:

"Ho! turn aside hitherto, and I will show you a thing."

"What thing so deserving as to turn us from the way?" asked Christian.

"Here is a silver mine and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves."

"Then," said Hopeful, "Let us go and see."

"Not I," said Christian, "I have before heard of this place, and how many here have been slain—and besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindrers them in their pilgrimage."

Then Christian called to Demas saying—"Is not the place dangerous?"

"Not very dangerous except to those that are careless." But withal he blushed as he spoke.

"Then," said Christian to Hopeful, "let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way."

"I will warrant you, when Byends comes up, if he has the same invitation as we, he will turn in hither to see."

"No doubt thereof," said Christian, "for his principles lead him that way and a hundred to one he dies."

WASHINGTON DAY IN GERMANY.

The Boston Traveller has extracts of a letter from an American lady in Germany to her mother, from which the following account of the German washing day, or washing week, is copied:

It is one of the chief glories of German housewives to possess abundance of linen, and for the purpose of displaying their wealth they put off their washing till all is used up—some three weeks, some six, some half a year, and those who are more affluent have washing but once a year.

Every house contains a "Schwartz-waschkammer," where the dirty clothes are kept hung up on poles or lines in the air. When the drawers and presses are nearly empty, two or three washerwomen are hired, who come in at two in the morning, and take each a cup of coffee and some bread, which is repeated at the usual breakfast time. In the forenoon they have again bread, with wine or cider; dine at twelve; and at three or four they have a gain a cup of coffee with bread, and then wash till supper, at eight. [What would our working women say to so many hours incessant labor?] They wash in very large oval tubs, at which four or five can stand at once. So it goes on for several days, according to the number of clothes.

The remainder of the week is spent in ironing—sheets, pillow-cases, and all the un-gathered clothes are mangled, and towels, stockings, children's handkerchiefs, &c., are only folded. During the week no one in the family can think of anything but the wash, and by the end of it, some have sore hands, (for they use lye) and all are out of humor. When I tell you how much less disturbance our week's wash makes, they acknowledge it is a better way, but say they fear people would think they had but two shirts apiece, if they were to wash but once a week. And others answer that if the Americans wash every week they can do nothing else, for on washing week no one can think of any thing besides. It made me think of the old lady who wondered how people could comb their heads every day, when she could hardly bear to comb her's on Thanksgiving day.

THE ELEPHANT.—When Captain Lechford first saw him at the show, he exclaimed with astonishment: "Then that's the real Menagerier—the Menagerier, I tell myself! I wouldn't tow of 'em make a team to draw jumps with!" Golly! ain't he a scrounger!" Lechford went home and related what he had seen. "A scrounger," said he, "the genuine menagerier, the first of his kind, a scrounger, a scrounger, a scrounger. He had two tails; one behind, and another before. Phoozephors call this fore on a promiscuous. He put one of his tails in my pocket, and hooked out all the ginger-bread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more, darra him!"

An inmate of a mad-house being asked what brought him there, replied, "A mere quibble of words, sir. I said every body was mad, and every body said I was, and the majority carried it."

"Be no flatterer, neither play with any one who delights not be played with."

THE SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Take a little Rum,
The more you take the better,
Mix it with the Juice
Of Wrenner, and Weller.
Dip a spoonful out—
Mix it with the Juice
Of Wrenner, and Weller.
Pour it in the Lake
Winnipegose.
Stir the mixture well,
Let it prove inferior,
Then put half a drop
Into lake Superior.
Every other day
Take a drop in water,
You'll be better soon—
Or at least you oughter."

Take some Coldwater,
The more you take the better,
Mix it with a drop
Of two of citrate water.
Feed some to your dog,
It will make him quiet,
And he'll be a good boy,
And perhaps a good dog.
Once in each half hour,
Take a rowing potion;
Say a tumbler full,
If that suits your notion.
Should you chance to die,
As you're alone, and no one
You may safely say,
That it did not cure you."

Take a little Soap,
The more you take the better,
Wring yourself up well,
And plunge into the water.
Any water'll do—
Croton, sea or citrine,
Each should make his choice
Of what best suits his turn.
When you're fairly soaked,
If you don't feel better,
Take a copious shower bath,
And get a little water.
Tough no wine nor gin,
But gallons of cold water;
You'll be better soon—
If you ain't you oughter."

Take some No. 6,
The more you take the better,
A jump or two of sugar,
An ounce of cayenne pepper.
Make a tea of herbs,
Add lobelia to it,
With such other things
As you think will do it.
Steam yourself right thick,
But take no time to think;
Pour the hot stuff down,
As fast as you can drink.
If this you will but do,
You surely will get better;
Or perhaps you'll die,
But of that I matter."

Get a pile of rocks,
Or bricks, if nothing better,
Heat them hissing hot,
And yourself with pepper.
Put them in a basin,
Underneath a chair,
Wrap a blanket round you,
To exclude the air.
Pour some water on them,
An Composition, go on
Your throat, to start the choker,
And do disease up brown.
Of lobelia take a potion,
Wind up with No. 6,
A crisis follows motion,
And you're shortly in a fix."

Take of Brandreth's pills,
A twenty-five cent box,
And of Townsend's dandruff pills,
Enough to kill an ox.
Be sure you get to bed,
Eat a quart of Salmon Gundy,
And on the top of this
Take a dose of sassafras.
Every night and morning,
Drink a pint of brandy,
Swallow, if you please,
With a stick of Cough Cure Candy.
Then add to the above
A pill of Quackin' quack,
And then if you are not dead,
You surely ought to be."

Take the open air,
The more you take the better,
Follow nature's laws,
To the very letter.
Let the Doctor go,
To buy his Pills,
Let alone the Gin,
The Ready and the Whiskey.
Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness
Make you over-careful.
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Thin you will be well,
Or at least you oughter."

QUACKER WIT.—A late letter from a Baltimore correspondent of the Republic has the following, which is both new and good:

Quite a funny anecdote is told of one of the omnibuses was going down town, the driver was stopped by a plain looking gentleman in drag, who took a seat inside, with the intention of going to Felt's Point. The vehicle did not go far, when it turned up North Bay street, quite a different direction. The friend inside observing that he was being carried toward the north, when he bargained for the east, told the driver he was carrying him out of the regular route, and entered complaints. "No matter," said the man with the reins, "we'll come right at last." "But I'll get out," said the Quaker. "Not until you have forked over a tip," was the driver's reply, pulling the strap that held fast the door. Putting his hand into his pocket, the old fellow in drag said, "Friend, we will not quarrel, thy strap will cut," and applying his stick knife, severed it and walked out. "That cannot serve me from my coach, but thou mayst go thine." The driver looked rather non-plussed for a while, and after studying a moment, said, "Well, you are 'some pumpkins'—I guess you can pass." The quaker took the next omnibus, and went on his way rejoicing, while the out-witted driver pulled ahead, minus his tip.

A pint of alcohol poured to a pint of water will not make two pints of the mixture; hence two pints do not always make a quart.

THE MODEL HOG-REEVE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Years ago—and for aught we know, it will exist there was a statute in vogue in New Hampshire, regulating the annual election of hog-reeves throughout the towns in that State. The office was a lucrative one in some places, though it was generally made obnoxious, and the most obnoxious individuals in the community were usually selected to fill this post. Some good jokes occurred in various ways, in connection with the office however.

Farmer Thorrow resided in a small town above Nashua, and prided himself upon the neatness of his cattle, the cleanliness of his fields, symmetry of his fences, and the thriftiness of his orchards, but farmer T. was a nervous man, penurious and close minded.

Walking early one morning, he discovered on a sudden, from his chamber window, that four large hogs had broken into a nice young orchard of his, just below the house, and in his usual excitable manner he hurried on his clothes, and made the best of his way down to "Squire Look-Sharp," (the hog-reeve was called Squire), whom he very quickly aroused with his vociferous complaint.

"Now Squire," he said, "hurry up. There's four of my neighbor's hogs got into my little apple orchard, and if you'll hurry, I'll be a good job for you; they're fat ones an' no mistake."

"Be right straight along," said the Squire, who remembered the details of the law relating to this sort of seizure—one half to the hog-reeve, and the other half to the poor of the town—and within half an hour he had peaceable possession of four such animals as the neighborhood couldn't otherwise boast of.

The seized hogs were quickly slaughtered by the town official, and were hung up to dry in the Squire's store house. Farmer T. righted his broken fence, and then repaired to his yard, to see that all was snug at the pig pen; he had no idea that his hogs should trouble his neighbors—not he, when to his dismay that a board had been forced from the side of the enclosure, and the sty was empty.

In the meantime, Squire Looksharp had the hogs dressed, and he sent for his good wife, who appeared at the store-house door. "Hello," said the Squire, "sitiole per-vides that in case of seizure, one-half the pigs shall go to the official, and the other to the poor. Now, Betty, who's poorer than you are?"

"Sure enough!" said the Squire's wife, obediently, "sure enough! If any body's poorer than I am, I'd like to hear about it."

"Well—so I callate, Betty. And therefore one-half of these pigs goes to the poor, (that's you,) and the other half goes to the officer, and that's me—and the four hogs very soon found their way into Squire Looksharp's pork barrel."

An hour afterwards farmer Thorrow arrived at the Squire's, sprang over the stile into the house, through the back kitchen, out again into the yard where he encountered the Squire's very faithfully at work.

"I say Squire!"
"Hello?"
"What a thoughtless son of a gun!"
"Repeat what?"
"Where's the pigs?"
"At that moment they were being cooked."

"Half in the hog-reeve, half to the poor,"
"That's your mistake," shouted the farmer T., half crazy at his loss. "They're mine, Squire, broke out of my pen—"

"You made the complaint, didn't you?"
"I know, but—"

"And it's no late late—the property's duly divided—can't you go behind the woodshed?"

The farmer returned, and threatened to be revenged on some body, the first opportunity, but seeing his mistake, at length returned home and from that day forward he had no occasion for a similar lesson. He never afterwards complained of his neighbor's hogs.

A story is told of a substantial country gentleman with money, who, for a second wife, took a young boarding school miss. Being asked what kind of a girl his new wife was, he declared her learning was tremendous.

"She was," said he, "learned in geometry and metaphysics. I used to think every time I drew a breath I expended nothing but air; but she tells me I take down at every gulp, two kinds of gin, oxy gin, and hydro gin, and I a teetotaler, too!"

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SITUATION.—One of our exchanges says:—What an uncomfortable situation is a seat on a sofa between two beautiful girls, one with black eyes, jet ringlets, and snowy neck, the other with soft blue eyes, sunny ringlets, red cheeks and lips, both laughing and talking to you at the same time.

Upwards of 200,000 bales of cotton are now exported annually to England from the valley of the Nile.

At vultures thrive upon a putrid corpse as gossips feast when they gain access to a quarrel.

How DAVID PRICE CURED HIS WIFE'S BAD TEMPER.—David, a man of meek and kindly spirit, had long suffered from the chatter-patter, never-ending tongue of his worse half. One day an herb doctor greeted David at his work with a—

"Well, master David, how be you?"
"Oh, I may be very well, thanks to ye, but my wife is not so very nicely."

"Indeed," said the gatherer of simples, with a quick ear for an ailment, "what might be the matter wi' she, master David?"

"Well," said David, in his usual quiet way, "she has a bad breaking out about her mouth every now and then, that troubles her and me very sore, I assure ye, master doctor."

"Well," said the latter, "I could make a grand cure for her, I'll warrant; I have a salve 'at I makes of the juice of the juniper tree, and by bilin' up a vast lot of different kinds o' things, it cures it in no time."

"Indeed," said David, "an' what might your charge be now, for a box of that 'intment 'at would cure her?"

"Oh," said the herbalist, looking anxiously up in David's face, "only a matter of a shilling."

"Well, that's dirt cheap," said David. "If you cure her, I'll give eighteen pence; there, now."

With this offer, the doctor set off home, to prepare his nostrum, and straightway bled the very next day to David's house, box in hand. There he found Mrs. Price, and went at once to business.

"Well, Mrs. Price, your husband told me that ye have beimes a bad breaking out about the mouth, and I've brought a box of 'intment 'at will cure ye."

With this announcement, Mrs. Price, firing up, at once seeing her husband's jest, raised the brush with which she was sweeping the floor, and pummelled the doctor to her heart's content, even following to beat him a field from her house, he screaming all the while—

"Oh, Missus Price, be ye gone mad!"
From that day, however, Mrs. Price has been wholly cured of her scolding habits. David has only to look up in her face and say, "I'll get a box of that 'intment," and there's an end of the matter. David honorably paid the doctor his fee, 18s., and also treated him to make him forget the pummeling. The whole of these circumstances are strictly true.—Durham Chronicle.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF AN ADVENTURE TO CALIFORNIA.—A New York citizen having a capital of 10,000, managed to make a kind of living with it in wall street, by shavimg. Smitten with the California fever, he purchased one of the vessels sold by the United States Government, by auction, at the termination of the Mexican war. It was a brig, for which he paid \$3,500. He bought wines and other liquors with the balance of his cash, just leaving himself \$500 to pay his expenses, by the isthmus route to San Francisco. His all was thus risked upon the hazard of the die. The brig, being freighted with this cargo, sailed for the land of gold, and he arrived before her. He sold the cargo at a tremendous profit, 300 or 400 per cent, and he was offered for the brig \$25,000. He refused the offer, because he saw he could make more money by a couple of trips to Oregon for lumber, which was then in great demand at San Francisco. At the end of the second voyage, he was offered \$15,000 for the brig. He accepted it, and gathering up his profits on the wines and the lumber, he returned till into gold dust. He returned to New York a few days ago, in the Great City, and deposited \$150,000 worth of the shining particles in the mint at Philadelphia, to be coined into eagles and half eagles. The truth of this narrative may be relied on.—N. Y. Herald.

A Frenchman, who was exhibiting some sacred relics, and other curiosities, produced among other things, a sword, which he assured his visitors was "de sword det Bailem had when he would kill deas."

A spectator remarked that Bailem had no sword, but only wished for one. "Very well—dis is de one he wished for."

"Doctor," said a gentleman who was notorious for laziness in general, and slovenliness of person in particular, "Doctor, I have tried every thing I can think of for the rheumatism, and without the least avail." The doctor, after having surveyed him for a moment, inquired if he had ever tried a clean shirt.

An editor off towards sunset has fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and breaks forth in the following heart-moving appeal:

"Sheriff spare that press,
Touch not a single type,
Don't put me in distress,
The ink is on through Me!
'Tis all in all to me—
If lost, what shall I do?
Then, why not let it be!
Oh, sheriff—ho! ho! ho!"

For a cure of ambition go into the graveyard and read the inscriptions on the graves.

Our ancestors' virtues will not come to us if we do not inherit them.

"Let your conversation be without guile or envy."